

BIG
SHOT

NO! NO! DIXIE!
I CAN'T STAND
THOSE HORROR MOVIES!

AW, COME
ON, FACE!

THRILLY...CHILLY
BLOOD CURDLING

the MOULDY
ZOMBIE

A GOOSEPIPLE PICTURE

VAMPIRE'S
MOTHER-IN-LAW

TWO
HORRIBLE
KILLERS

SPINE-SHATTERING
DRAMAS OF ROMANCE
AMONG THE GHOULS

WEIRD...WONDERFUL
WIDICULOUS

Also **JOE PALOOKA, THE SKYMAN, DIXIE DUGAN,
THE FACE, SPARKY WATTS** and other favorites!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

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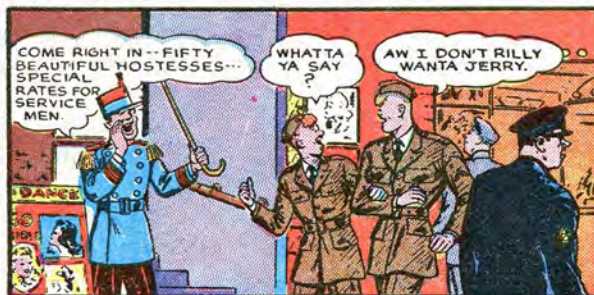
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Address _____
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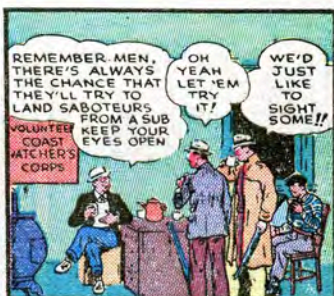
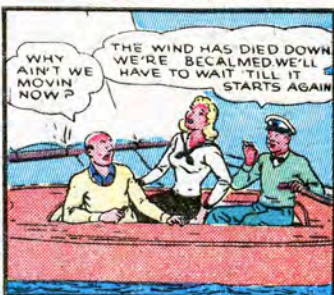
JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



JOE PALOOKA

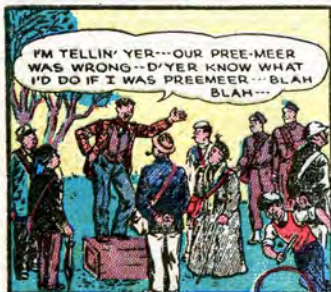
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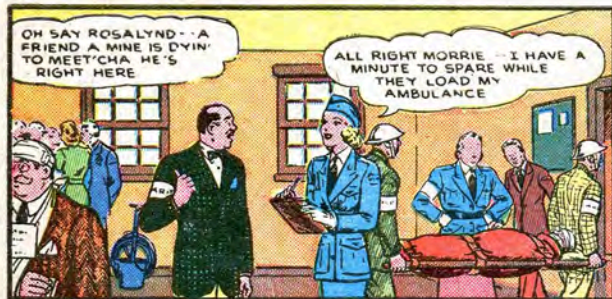
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WEEKEND PASS IN LONDON...

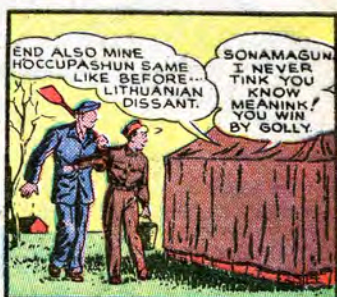


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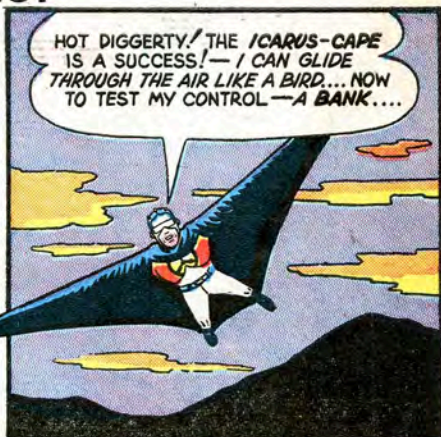
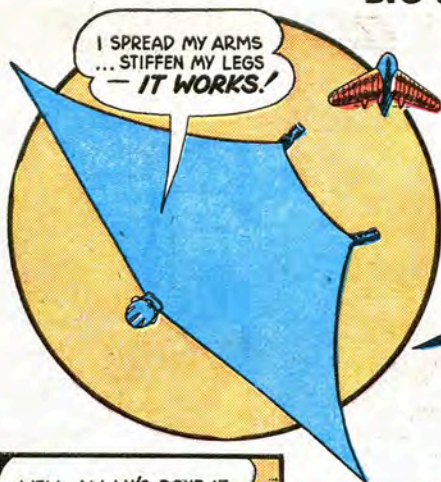


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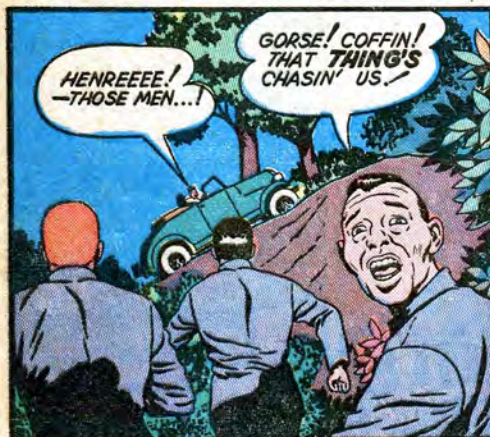
The SKYMAN



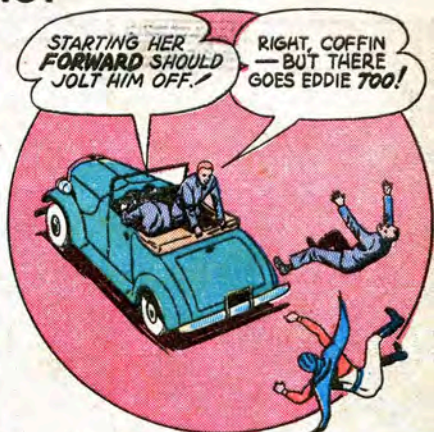
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

AN HOUR LATER... ABOARD A THROUGH EXPRESS
RACING TOWARDS NEW YORK CITY...

LATEST BULLETIN GOVERNOR
— COFFIN AND GORSE ARE STILL
AT LARGE, BUT SKYMAN'S
CAPTURED THE OTHER GUY.



SKYMAN, EH?
WELL, I'VE
NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT
IF HE'S ON
THE JOB.

I DUNNO, GOVERNOR...
SIX YEARS AGO, WHEN
YOU WERE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY, YOU
SENT COFFIN TO
JAIL, AND HE SWORE
HE'D CRUSH OUT
AND GET YOU—
AND HE'S OUT...!

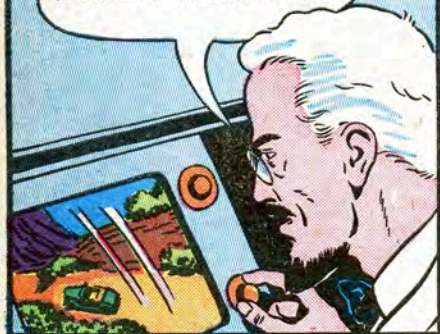


MEANWHILE, THE WING ROCKETS
THROUGH THE NIGHT...

I HOPE OLD MAN BATES
GOT THAT CONVICT TO
THE LOCK-UP ALL RIGHT,
UNCLE PETE.



DON'T WORRY, ALLAN—BATES IS
A TOUGH NUT... MEANWHILE, I
THINK THE TELEVIS-SCREEN
HAS LOCATED HIS STOLEN CAR.

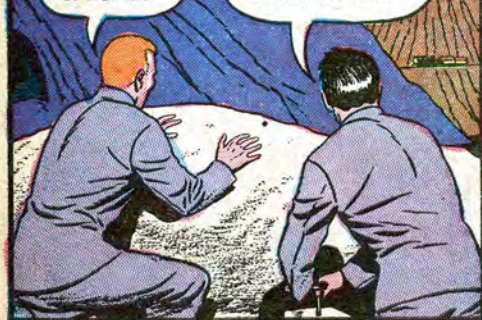


STOW THAT FINAL BUNDLE OF
DYNAMITE IN THE TUNNEL AND
WE'LL BE ALL SET! AND HURRY!



COFFIN! HERE
COMES THE
GOVERNOR'S
SPECIAL.

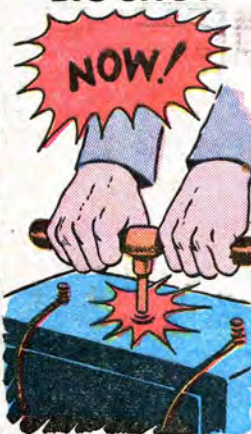
I STILL CALL HIM
THE D.A.—AND WHEN
THAT TRAIN GOES
INTO THE TUNNEL,
HE'LL GET HIS.



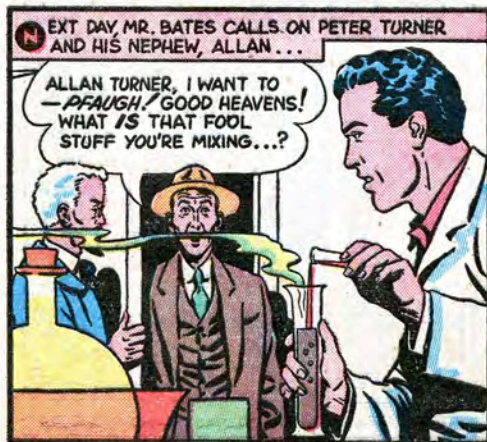
IF I GO FOR THE WRECKERS, THEY'LL
PUSH THE PLUNGER... I'LL JUST
HAVE TO TRY BREAKING THE CONTACT
AT THE DYNAMITE END OF THE
WIRE—IF I CAN BEAT THE TRAIN!



BIG SHOT



RAY
KRANK



THE END

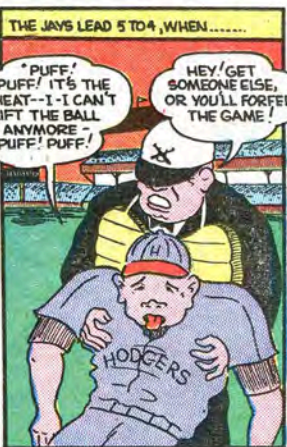
SPARKY WATTS

World's Strongest Funny Man!

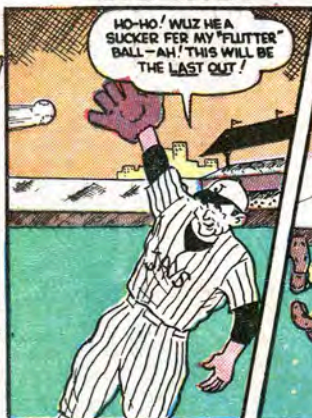
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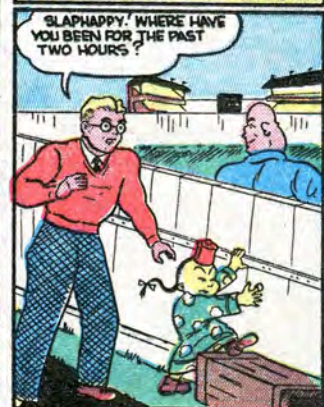
BIG SHOT



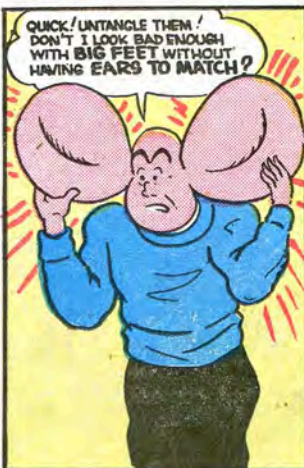
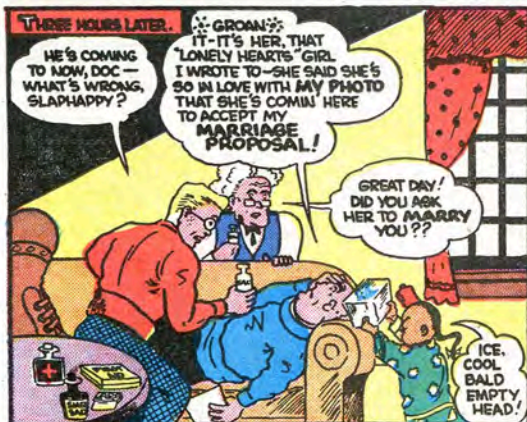
... OVER THE FENCE FOR A GAME WINNING HOMERUN!



AS SPARKY AND YOO HOO ARE WALKING HOME



BIG SHOT

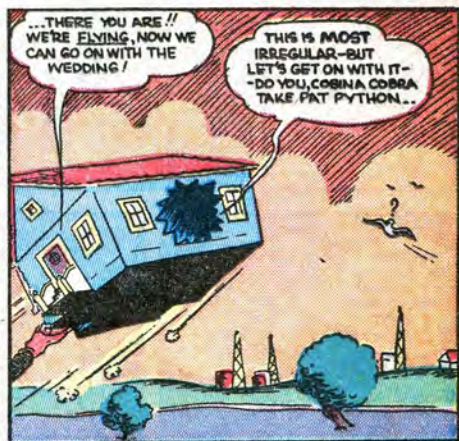
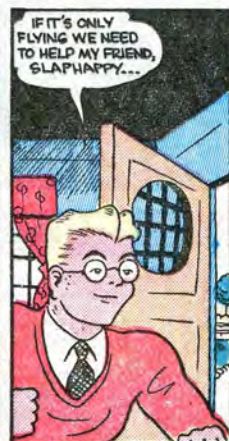
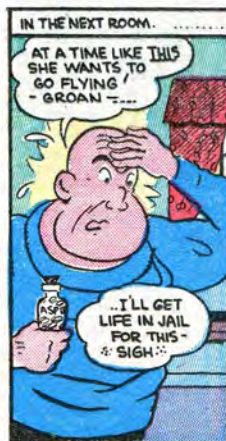


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THE DOOR BELL RINGS.....



MORE OF SPARKY NEXT TIME

TOM DI ANGELO

Charlie Chan

Afred Andriola

CHAN, SPARKS AND AN ARSENAL OFFICIAL ARE INSIDE THE POWDER MAGAZINE IN WHICH MORGAN, THE ENEMY AGENT, HAS PLACED THE FOUNTAIN PEN BOMBS...

THE BOMBS ARE SET TO EXPLODE IN A VERY FEW MINUTES.

YOU SEE, THE OUTLET VALVES OF THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM CAN DROWN THE POWDER AND PREVENT THE EXPLOSION!

PERHAPS - BUT THERE IS POSSIBILITY THAT THESE BOMBS MAY EXPLODE EVEN IN WATER!

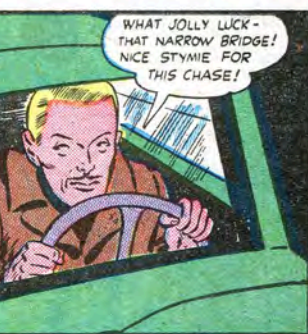
BUT THE WATER WILL KEEP THE POWDER FROM GOING UP TOO! THERE!

DARE NOT RISK LEAVING THIS BUILDING TILL EVERY BOMB IS FOUND! HAIE! HERE IS ANOTHER!

LIKE LOOKING FOR NEEDLES IN A HAYSTACK - DURING A LIGHTNING STORM! - BUT WORSE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

WHILE BACK AT THE BRIDGE, THE TIME BOMB BURSTS AND SPOUTS A TALL GEYSER AS KARL HANGS LIMP OVER THE WHEEL...



AT THE ARSENAL-

GO OUTSIDE, SPARKS! HURRY! LEAVE LAST URGENT WORK TO THIS PERSON!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, CHARLIE! I'M NOT LEAVING YOU NOW- TO GO UP IN A BLAST!



GO! AT ONCE! THIS PERSON WILL TRY TO EXPLODE TIME BOMB PREMATURELY!

ALL RIGHT- BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU DEMAND IT! BE CAREFUL, CHARLIE!



SAFEST PLACE TO EXPLODE, THIS BOMB NOW IS HERE INSIDE MAGAZINE! POWDER ALL WET! NOW- LIKE OLD FIRECRACKER- I BREAK BOMB OPEN!



AS THIS PERSON SUSPECTED - BROKEN BOMB BECOMES HARMLESS ROMAN CANDLE!



YOU ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE?

FIREWORKS OVER- BUT DO NOT ENTER! IF THERE ARE OTHER BOMBS THERE IS GREAT DANGER!



WHAT YOU CAN RISK SO CAN I! HEY- WHAT'S THIS? HERE'S ANOTHER OF THE PENS, CHARLIE!



RUN OUTSIDE AND CLOSE IRON DOOR TIGHTLY! THIS PERSON CANNOT RISK RUNNING PAST BOMB! AM SAFER IN DEEP WATER! GO QUICKLY!



HURRY OUT, SPARKS! BETTER BOMB EXPLODE INSIDE HERE-WHERE WET POWDER CAN NOT BE SET OFF!

MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE IT, CHARLIE! COME ON!



BIG SHOT



WILL CHARLIE BE IN TIME TO FOIL THE SABOTEURS FIENDISH PLOT??

MORE OF CHARLIE'S ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

MOVIE STAR PICTURES
(ALL IN COLORS)

54 2 1/2 x 3 1/2" Cowboys	30c
and Cowgirls	...
25 5 x 7" Movie Stars	... 30c
Both for 60c	

A splendid collection of popular stars. This offer good any time. SCREEN ART STUDIO, Dept. 77, 1635 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

The Cats Were Hep!

by Ray Krank

EDDIE LAFFETY looked down at his shoes. "Listen, feet," he muttered sternly, "I've got to walk right up to that shack, march inside, and listen to the Commander's beef—so just make up your mind about it, and stop trying to turn around and go back the other way."

Reluctantly, Eddie's feet trotted on and eventually bore him into the icy presence of Lieutenant Commander Joseph J. Carney, who didn't even wait for the screen-door to close before he began biting off hard, short words.

"All right, Laffety—tell it fast. And don't forget: you lost an airplane."

"I swapped it for a Nip tincan, sir," Eddie corrected.

Carney's brows rose, pushing a ripple of wrinkles up to meet the straight line of his thick brown hair.

"You didn't report that when you came in," he snapped. The flyer looked him straight in the eye and tried out a small grin.

"I didn't make any report, sir. Just said I went out on an unauthorized mission and got shot down. But the Black Cat boys insisted I'd better tell you about it, and, thinking it over, I decided maybe I'd better."

The Commander's brows came down, slid tightly together.

"Maybe you'd better . . ." he said.

* * *

WELL, last night, at about 2230, I was horsing around with some of the guys down near the Catalinas' repair shop, when along comes Jim Sterling—that's Ensign Sterling, copilot in Lieutenant Bob Grimm's PBV.

"Hiya, Eddie," he says. "What're you doing down here? Gonna quit those little Hellcats and take a job with us?"

Those PBV boys always talk like that. They think a lot of those big old Cats. Anybody tells them they're flying dead ducks and why don't they switch into something dicty—like the Hellcat—they just laugh.

("Dicty?" asked Carney, frowning.)

I mean something high class, something nifty, something sharp. Y'know? Well, anyway, I got to beating the gums with Jim and learned his gang were going out to scout Island 932, to see if the Nips were slipping in any supplies to repair the pasting we gave them two days ago. So, one thing led to another, and finally I tell Jim that if the Nips had any meat in their skulls, they'd be able to bat those PBVs out of the sky like flies. "Yeah?" he says. "Try it

yourself sometime, and see what happens!" To which I retort: "Maybe I will . . .!"

("Ah!" Carney said, and shut his eyes.)

Yeah. Well, I watched them take off from the cove—not so easy to do. I mean, to watch them take off. You know how those flying boats are painted black so they can sneak around on these night patrols. . . . Well, naturally you do. Anyway, I watched them leave, and after awhile I found myself thinking about this business. I said to myself: *How come those Jap ickies can't get these Black Cats?* The Nips know the Cats are always prowling around after dark; why don't they send up night fighters to intercept?

Well, one thought led to another, and before anybody got his boots on to what was cooking, I was picking my ship up off the strip and heading in the general direction of Island 932. ("How did you get clearance?" Carney wanted to know.)

Clearance. Yeah. I figured there was no use trying to get an okay on this stunt, so I just gave quiet orders to my mechs, climbed in, and took her up. I felt groovy, and at the moment I wasn't worrying about what would happen to me come next bright.

("Groovy? Bright?" muttered the Commander, half to himself.)

I mean I felt swell, and wasn't giving much thought to the trouble I might be in the next day. Er—that's today.

Well, I went on out, climbing fast and climbing high, and keeping the glims open for cloud formations—I knew the Cat would stick to the clouds, at least until Bob Grimm got her over the island. They had about fifteen minutes' start on me, but you know those Cats—185 m.p.h. is top speed for them. And my F6F does twice that. So, pretty soon I was taking it nice and easy, because I didn't want to run into them all of a sudden and get knocked off. My whole idea was to see if I couldn't creep up on them and catch them flatfooted. Then I could give them the horse-laugh. Also, I thought it might be helpful to know just how effective that black paint was and to sort of get a slant on what the Nips were up against.

("For your information, Laffety," Carney said drily, "—we've checked all that, and we're satisfied with the performance the Black Cats have given up to now. One of the reasons the Japanese night fighters don't catch up to our PBVs is that the little brown pilots seem to be afraid of the dark—and usually fly with their instrument boards all lit up like an Italian festival.")

BIG SHOT

Then the Jap joker I spotted was a hero. He didn't have a light showing, except the blue flame of his exhaust. I happened to notice that flicker, and right after that I saw Grimm's Cat, skimming a hunk of moon off a cloud. The Nip was heading for them, fast and straight, and I was pretty sure they couldn't see him. So I opened up with the radio department, the Jappo being out of range of my .50s.

"Hey, Weiss!" I hollered. Weiss is their radio-man. "You're on a wrong riff—better cut out of the open and stache in some wool! There's a foxy snatcher on you at five o'clock above!"

("Come again?" growled Carney, bending one brow and raising the other.)

I mean, I just told them that they were doing the wrong thing staying out in the open, and that they should hide in a cloud because a detective—that was the Nip fighter—was coming after them from the five o'clock position. Weiss dug me, of course—that is, he understood me—and they didn't waste any time scooting into a cloud. Just as they were getting away, the Jap made a pass at them, but didn't connect, and a few ticks later I hit him but good. He didn't even know I was around, the poor square!

I cruised on along the cloud bank for awhile, and the first thing you know my headphones were frying eggs in my ears. It was Weiss, chuckling like an idiot.

"You're dead, gate!" he told me. "That'll teach ya to play around with us Black Cats!"

They were pretty hard to make out, but I finally saw their silhouette, not far behind me. I was right in line with their bow gun. I got on the ether fast, just in case they hadn't recognized me. But they knew me all right and they ribbed me awhile until Grimm decided we were having too much of a clambake and ordered radio silence again.

("I was wondering about that!" the Commander remarked heavily. "And whatever became of Island 932?")

Oh! Well just about that time, it turned out that the Island was right underneath us, and we didn't exactly like the idea. Some flak came up, and a couple of rockets, and after a few ticks it got very noisy around there. We went down to focus the harbor—and that was the first time I ever wished I was a heavy bomber instead of a fighter!

The Nips had a full house. Three transports, a mess of barges, six or seven destroyers, and I think there was a cruiser. All moving in, with plenty of stuff to fill up the holes we've been punching in that base.

Grimm and his boys didn't lose any time. They went right in and unloaded everything they had—four 500-pounders, about two dozen 60-pound fragmentation eggs, and I don't know how many incendiaries. Got some righteous hits too. The Nips lit out in all directions—some

straight up. One transport ran aground, another went into a circle and trampled two barges—but you'll be getting Grimm's report on that.

Anyway, the armored stuff cut out for open water, and we let them go.

("We?" Carneys eyes were sardonic.)

Well, I sort of lent a hand, sir, doing a little strafing on the ack-ack gunners. Nothing much. Anyhow, there was too much down there for the Cat to take care of, so Grimm radioed for some MTBs to come out and finish up. Then we scrambled. We hadn't gone very far, when Weiss buzzed me.

"Got a hunk of flak in our electrical system, Eddie—we're going down. Hit the road, kid."

That was a pretty fraughty issue, of course, and it got worse when the Cat eased onto the water and started to drift. One of those Nip destroyers we'd chased saw the landing and came a-running. Naturally I couldn't cop a final in those circe.

("Naturally," agreed the Commander calmly. "Although I really can't say until I learn the meaning of 'fraughty issue' and 'cop a final'—or am I dense?")

A sad state of affairs, I meant. And with the tincan charging up to blow the Cat to pieces, I couldn't leave for home. Y' see? So I went down and started working my .50s on the Nip's water-line. It's amazing the way those bullets burn right through—in one side and out the other. Ever see that, sir? Er—pardon me. You invented it, didn't you?

Anyway, the can sank pretty fast, and I could hear Weiss blowing his wig down there in the Cat. Boy, they loved me, then!

"You're mellow, kid!" Weiss was yelling. "You're mezz! You're murder! You're riding down the groove!"

It turned out I was also on fire. The Jap gunners had nailed me just before they dunked, and I'd never noticed it. So I hit the silk, came down not far from the Cat, and the boys hauled me aboard. Right after that, Olsen—the chief mech—patched up their wiring, and we rocked off for home.

Well, that's about all, sir. . . .

THE older man looked thoughtfully at Eddie. Then he shook his head slowly, folding his lips in and puffing out his cheeks. He sighed gustily.

"I don't know. You idiots will be the death of me yet. I'll have to discipline you—then give you a medal, probably! Have to think it over awhile."

Unexpectedly, he grinned.

"Meanwhile," he said, "—cop a final to your bunk, and get in the groove with Morpheus!"

THE END

CAPTAIN YANK

by Frank Tinsley

FLYING TO SIBERIAN HEADQUARTERS TO REPORT A SECRET JAP MENACE ON THE RUSSIAN BORDER, YANK, WING AND LT. ROSLOV ARE SHOT DOWN IN NEUTRAL MONGOLIA BY THE BANDITS OF TURAN KHAN.... FINDING ROSLOV HAS DIED FROM HIS WOUNDS, YANK AND WING DETERMINE TO CONTINUE ON ALONE!!!

AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO FOR LT. ROSLOV... WE'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE THE KHAN'S GORRILLAS DISCOVER US HERE!

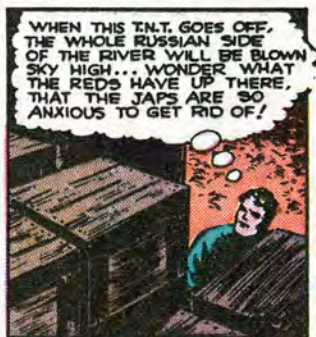
WONDER HOW CLOSE TO A TOWN WE ARE...CAN'T TELL IN THIS SNOWSTORM!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



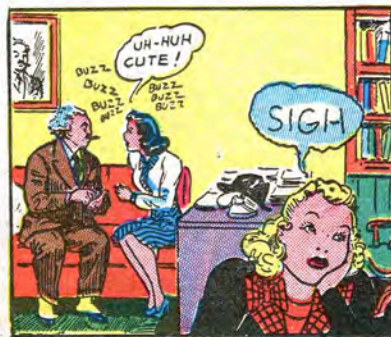
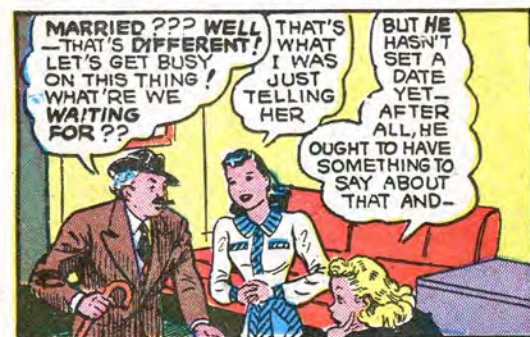
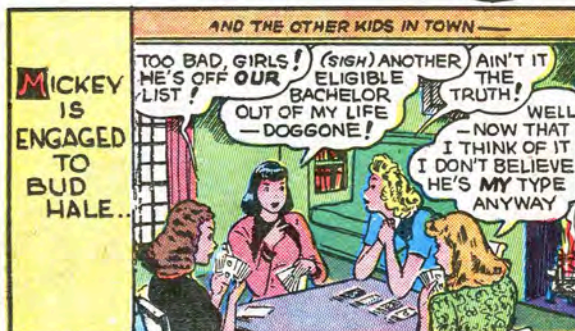
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DIXIE DUGAN

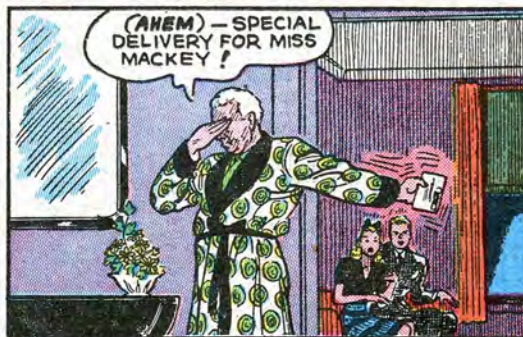
By McEVY & STREIBEL



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MORE NEXT ISSUE

HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND

JEFF MACHAMER

HIS WIFE'S
IN PICTURES!



VIC JORDAN

SEEKING A CLUE
TO THE MYSTERY OF
"SEVEN-SEVENTY,"
VIC VISITS AN
UNDERGROUND AGENT
IN GERMANY

DON'T INTRODUCE
ME AS MUELLER!

ELSE
WE HAVE
A GUEST,
HERR WEBER!

HEIL
HITLER!

HERR WEBER HAS
NOT HAD HIS
DINNER, ELSE
WOULD YOU—

YES,
FATHER.

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
THE UNIFORM—
CAMOUFLAGE?

SHE'S BEWITCHED—
THEY'VE BEEN WORKING
ON HER FOR NINE
YEARS! BUT I HAVE HOPES.
HOWEVER, WE MUST
BE CAREFUL.

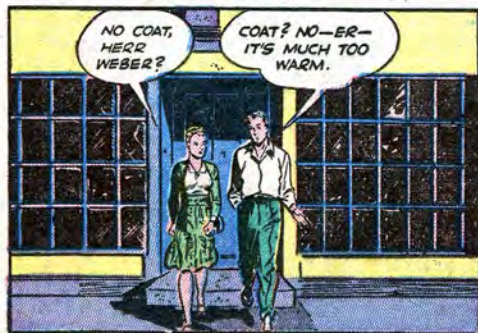
WANTED FOR ESPIONAGE—
A MAN ABOUT 28 OR 30—MAY
USE THE NAME OF MUELLER—
HAS UNDERGROUND
CONNECTIONS—

—TEN THOUSAND MARKS REWARD
IS OFFERED FOR THE SPY... DEAD
OR ALIVE!... HE IS SIX FEET TALL,
BLUE EYED, BROWN HAIR,
CLEFT CHIN—

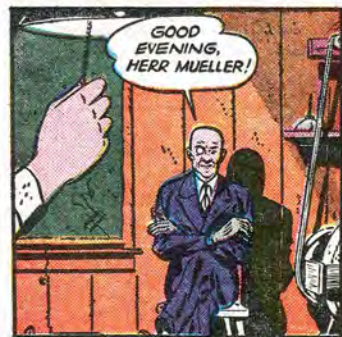
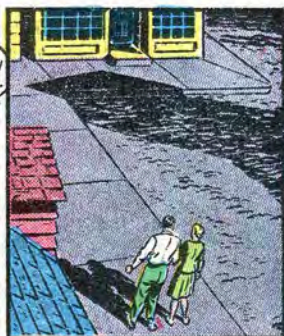
WHEN LAST SEEN
WAS WEARING TAN SLACKS
AND BROWN SUEDE
JACKET!



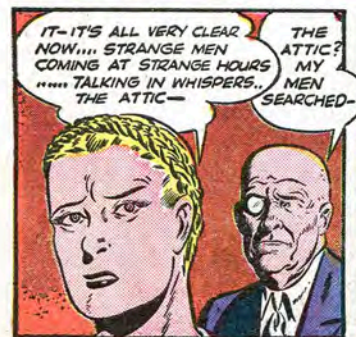
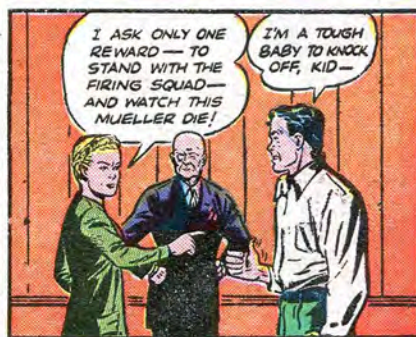
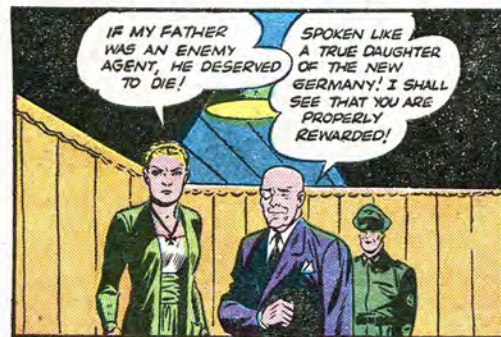
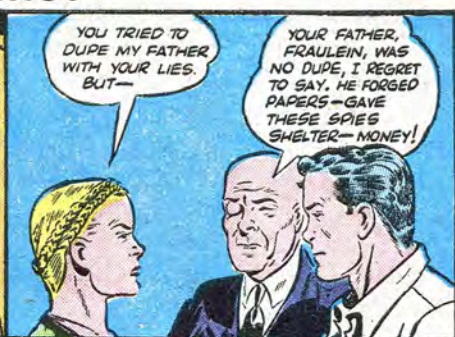
BIG SHOT



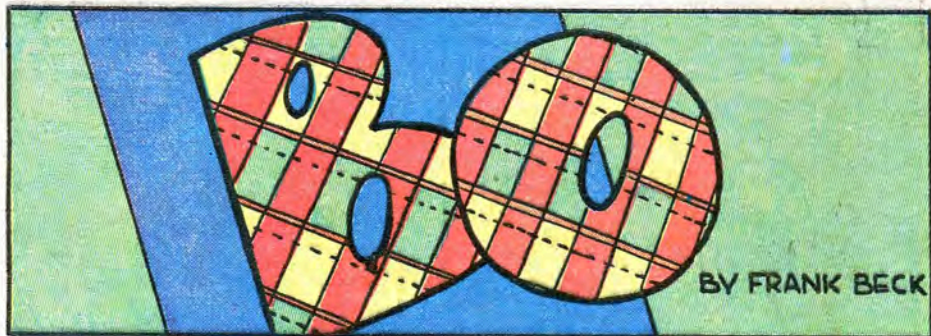
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

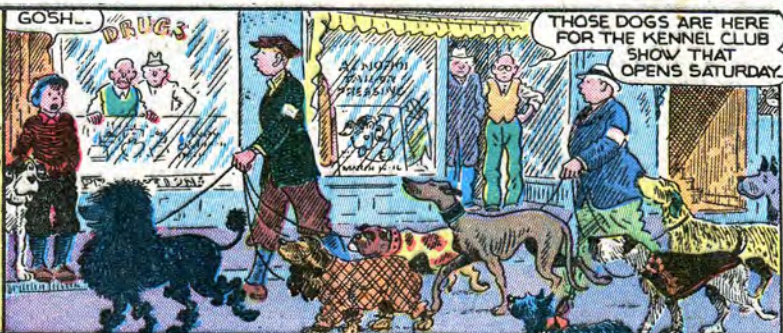


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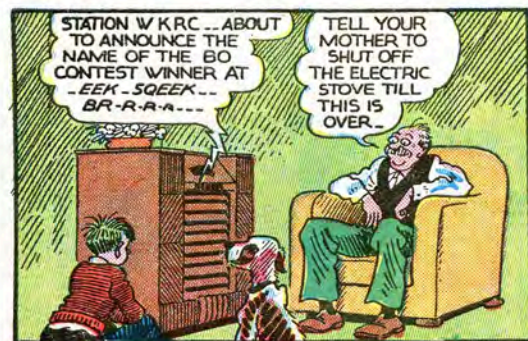


BY FRANK BECK

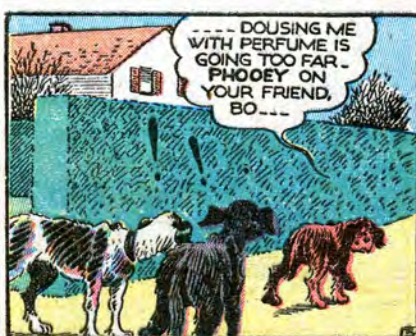
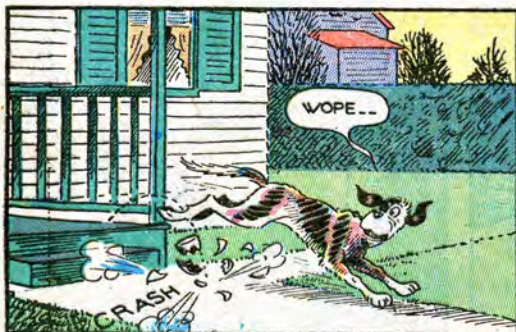
**BOIS
HELPING
TO
PUBLICIZE
THE
DOG SHOW
FOR THE
BENEFIT
OF THE
BABY
MILK
FUND**



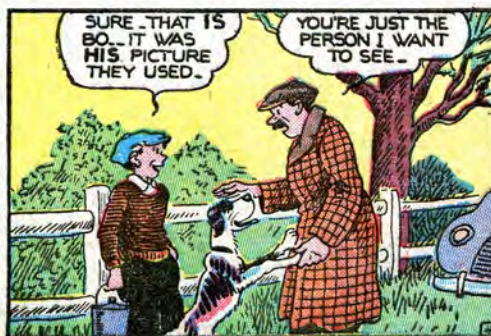
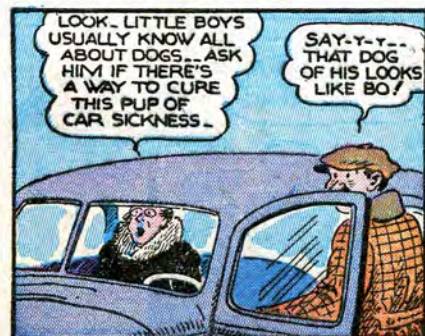
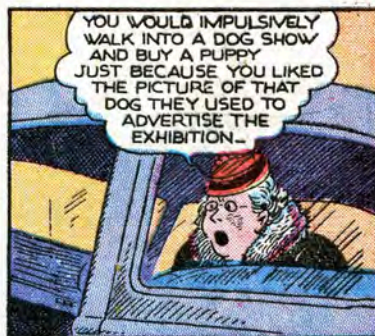
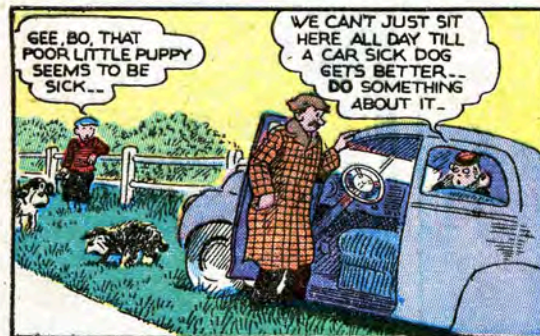
BIG SHOT



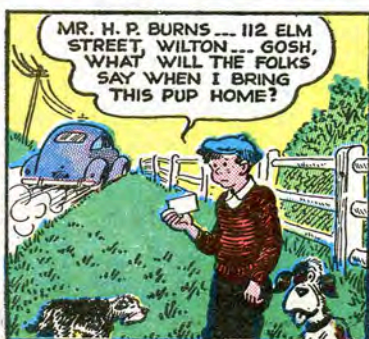
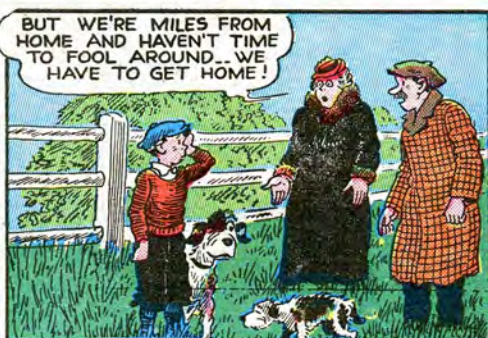
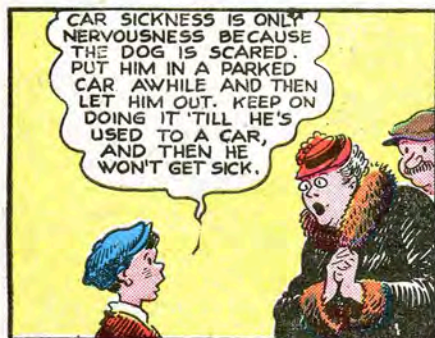
BIG SHOT



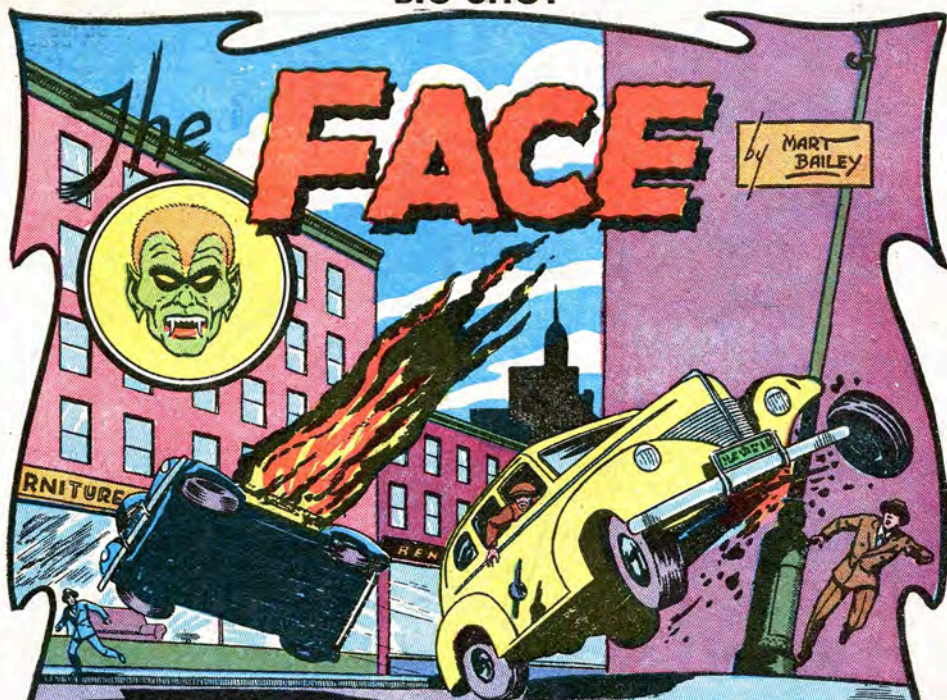
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



**MORE
NEXT
ISSUE**



A SHOT OUT OF THE DARK KILLED A MAN... FIVE YEARS LATER, THE TRAIL LEADS TO AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC WAR ZONE —AND THE FACE.

BROOKS IS BABBLING ABOUT THE FACE TO CAPTAIN BIGGS, WHO USED TO BE A POLICE DETECTIVE BACK IN NEW YORK.

LUCKILY, ONLY WE TWO KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN THE FACE SINCE TONY'S CAPTURE.

IT'S BEEN EASY ENOUGH FOOLING THE REST OF THE BOYS — BUT A POLICEMAN IS DIFFERENT... AND HE'S AFTER THE FACE FOR MURDER!

IN JAPAN...

MIST' TRENT WILL LIVE?

DIFFICULT TO TELL, GENERAL TAKO. YOU MAY HAVE RESCUED TONY FROM HIS TORTURERS TOO LATE... HE'S SUNK IN A COMA....

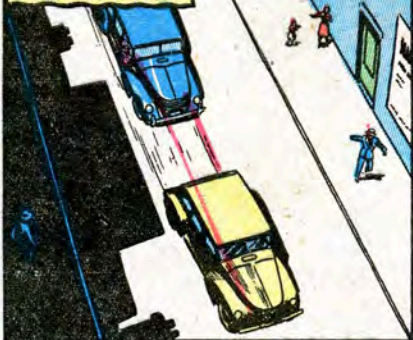
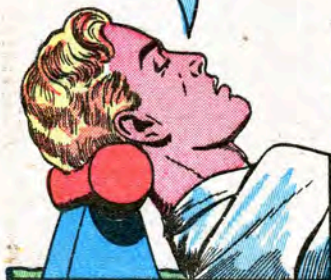


BIG SHOT

BINARDI... THE MASK
MAKER... INSPECTOR
BIGGS... MURDER
... THE FACE...

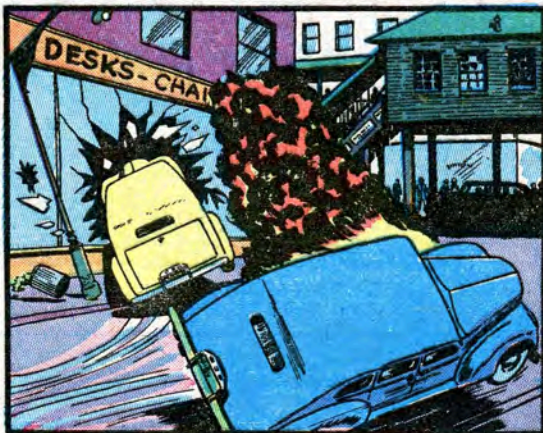
ON HIS
DELIRIUM, TONY'S
MIND RETURNS TO THE
DAYS BEFORE THE
WAR, WHEN THE WORLD
WAS AT PEACE, AND
A MAN COULD WALK
DOWN THE STREET
WITHOUT FEAR —
IF HE WORE A
BULLETPROOF VEST
AND DIDN'T BECOME
AN INNOCENT
BYSTANDER...

WHEN THE LORDS OF GANGDOM, IN SILK
SHIRTS AND HIGH-POWERED LIMOUSINES,
SETTLED THEIR DISAGREEMENTS WITH
TOMMYGUNS...



ON SUCH A SUNNY AFTERNOON FIVE
YEARS AGO, TONY TRENT, YOUNG NEWS
CASTER OF WBSC, BECAME INVOLVED IN
THE BLOODY EVENTS THAT WERE TO MAKE
HIM KNOWN AND
FEARED AS
THE FACE!

LOOK OUT,
KID!



GOOD LORD! HE'S
GOING TO FINISH
OFF THE MOBSTERS
IN THE FIRST CAR!



SOME DAY SOMEBODY'S GOING
TO WRITE A SONG ABOUT
THIS — LAY THAT
WEAPON DOWN, BROTHER!



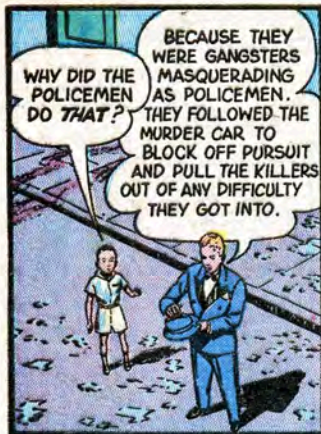
OKAY, WISEGUY!
YOU'RE ASKING
FOR IT, TOO.



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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6. BOWLING FOR ALL, *Joe Falcato and Murray Goodman*—World's Undeclared Match Games Bowling Champion (Falcato) teaches you championship bowling—beginners, experts, all ages! Principles, equipment, delivery, direction, speed, strikes, spares, "Do's and Don'ts." Rules and Tournaments. Action photos of Falcato, others.

21. WRESTLING, *E. C. Gallagher*—152 half-page photos of wrestling champions—with clear, explanatory text. Standing, bringing to mat, holds, escapes, falls. Author is champ-producing wrestling coach of Okla. A. & M.

10. FOOTBALL, *W. Glenn Killinger*—For players, spectators, coaches, and arm-chair and radio strategists. Easy-to-follow text, "frozen motion." Flash photos, drawings, formation and play diagrams, sketches of stances, grips, etc. Line play, team play, offense, defense, generalship, strategy—all clearly explained.

5. BASKETBALL, *Charles C. Murphy*—Basic book for all who want to understand good basketball—coaches, spectators, players themselves. Shooting, ball handling, footwork, defense, offense, drills, clearly illustrated with flash photos, progressive-action drawings.

31. TABLE TENNIS, *Jay Purves*—World's Champion shows you how to develop a championship game. Text and drawings correct old mistakes, show how to drive, smash, drop, backhand flick, etc. Official Rules, tournaments.

25. TENNIS, *Helen Hull Jacobs*—This famous player says that great tennis champions play a simple game—and with charts, diagrams, text, photographs of herself and other stars in action, she shows how you can play big-time tennis. Basic strokes, strategy, timing, equipment, etc.

18. TRACK AND FIELD, *Ray M. Conger*—Champion techniques of running, jumping, throwing. Correct forms, positions, diets. Scores of "moving picture" sketches, photographs of world-famous athletes in action, etc.

23. GOLF, *Patty Berg*—Famous champion demonstrates with clear simplified instructions and 76 "show-how" photographs, how to improve your golf. Leads you step-by-step, showing right equipment, grip, stance, address, wrist and hand action, wood play, iron play, putting, etc.

17. SWIMMING, *R. H. Kiphaub*—Yale's famous coach of American Olympic Swimming Teams now shows how to be a strong, easy swimmer, with plenty of speed and endurance. Important

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14. RIDING, *J. J. Boniface*—Mounting, position, posting, mistakes to avoid, jumping, broncobusting, polo, racing, care and treatment of horses, etc.

16. SOFTBALL, *Arthur T. Noren*—Explained in complete, but simple detail by expert. How to improve players and teams. Official rules, equipment, etc.; photos, diagrams, drawings.

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15. ROPING, *Bernard S. Mason*—A rope and a little spare time are all you need to learn the roping and rope-spinning tricks that hold thousands spellbound at the big rodeos. How to do flat spins, vertical spins, lariet throwing, exhibition and contest stunts.

20. SKIING, *Walter Prager*—Title-holding Ski Coach of Dartmouth gives you complete course in skiing, from pre-season training and first steps on snow to down-hill skiing, cross-country, racing, slalom, ski jumping. Photos and drawings; waxing chart, tips on equipment.

19. SKATING, *Harold Putnam and Dwight Parkinson*—Sensible, easy-to-follow instructions on "plain-skating," speed-skating, figure-skating, free skating, "dancing," care of ice surfaces, etc.



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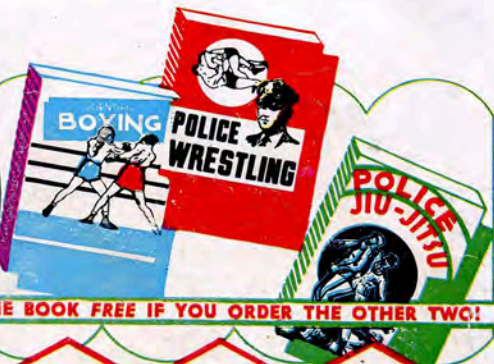
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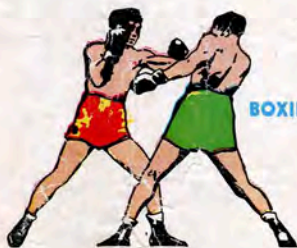
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